Yet ſurely *Caſsio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſſe.
*Oth.* I know *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſsio*: *Caſsio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine. *Enter* Deſdemona,
Looke if my Gentle loue be not raiſde vp: *with others.*
I'le make thee an example.
*Deſd.* What is the matter?
*Oth.* All's well now ſweeting:
Come away to bed: ſir, for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your ſurgeon; leade him off;
*Iago*, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe, whom this vile brawle diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife,
*Iag.* What are you hurt Lieutenant?
*Exit Moore*, Deſdemona, *and attendants.*
*Caſ.* I, paſt all ſurgery.
*Iag.* Mary God forbid.
*Caſ.* Reputation, reputation, I ha loſt my reputation:
I ha loſt the immortall part ſir of my ſelfe,
And what remaines is beaſtiall, my reputation,
*Iago*, my reputation.
*Iag.* As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had receiu'd ſome bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition, oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing. You haue loſt no reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a loſer; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now caſt in his moode, a puniſhment more in policy, then in malice, euen ſo, as one would beate his offenceleſſe dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: ſue to him againe, and hees yours.
*Caſ.* I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo light, ſo drunken, and indiſcreete an Officer: O thou inuiſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to bee knowne by



by, let vs call thee Diuell.
*Iag.* What was he, that you foll
What had he done to you?
*Caſ.* I know not.
*Iag.* Iſt poſſible?
*Caſ.* I remember a maſſe of thi
quarrell, but nothing wherefore. C
enemy in there mouthes, to ſteal
ſhould with ioy, Reuell, pleaſure
ſelues into beaſts.
*Iag.* Why, but you are now w
recouered?
*Caſ.* It hath pleaſde the Diuell
the Diuell wrath; one vnperfect ne
me frankely deſpiſe my ſelfe.
*Iag.* Come, you are too ſeuere a
the condition of this Countrey ſta
had not ſo befalne; but ſince it is as
*Caſ.* I will aske him for my pla
drunkard: had I as many mouthes
ſtop em all: to be now a ſenſible n
ſently a beaſt. Euery vnordinate c
is a diuell.
*Iag.* Come, come, good wine is
well vs'd; exclaime no more aga
thinke you thinke I loue you.
*Caſ.* I haue well approou'd it ſi
*Iag.* You, or any man liuing ma
tell you what you ſhall do, -- our
rall; I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for
himſelfe to the contemplation, ma
and graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe fr
helpe to put you in your place agai
ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhee
not to doe more then ſhee is re
you and her husband, intreate
againſt any lay, worth nami

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